

Providence, Sept. 13, '70.
3 o'clock, P. M.

Dear Wife - Yesterday afternoon I took my second Turkish bath at a higher temperature (150) than the first one, perspired very freely, and enjoyed the rubbing down process very much, as it served temporarily to allay the extreme cutaneous irritation from which I am suffering so acutely. But the effect quickly passed away, and by bedtime I was again all aflame, itching all over "like mad," and dressing another sleepless night. I had asked Dr. Dow whether I might not bathe my body with milk, in hopes of cooling it; and he recommended me to do so, believing it would have a soothing effect. Sister Charlotte very kindly procured me the milk; but, alas! my hopes and expectations were futile, for though I reiterated the milky application, it seemed to make a bad matter worse. And so, all the night long, I lay in torment, rubbing myself furiously to the point of utter exhaustion, and unable

to get a moment's repose. All this day my system has been on fire with the humor with which the skin is thickly surcharged, and I am sore with scratching; for it is impossible for me to keep my hands off. Is not this somewhat discouraging? If it be continued much longer, I shall grow frantic. At 5 o'clock Dr. Dow is to give me my second electrical treatment; but I anticipate another miserable night. No doubt it is better that the humor should be driven to the surface than that it should be suppressed and forced inward; but it is full of torment all the while.

This forenoon I hired a buggy, and took bro. Henry Anthony with me to Swan Point Cemetery, to see what I could find in the N. W. corner of it, in relation to the burial of H. C. W.'s remains, as pointed out at my interview with Mrs. Rockwood. The description was sufficiently definite, but no lots have yet been offered for sale in that newly acquired portion of the Cemetery, and it is

doubtful whether at present one could be purchased. However, the Superintendent was absent, and I shall have to see him before I can determine anything in regard to the matter.

From the Cemetery we drove to the Kenyons in Pawtucket, Charlotte kindly sending Mrs. K. a box of nice grapes. They had heard of my illness, but did not know that I was in Providence, under treatment. Mrs. K. remains about the same, but looking greatly emaciated. I saw Mr. Kenyon, and told the family the directions I got through Mrs. Rockwood, (the statement interested them very much,) and promised to see them again before my return home. The ride was a relief to me, the roads being marvellously good, though a little dusty, and the weather as brilliant and as near perfection as possible. But I am now feeling as if I would like to be skinned; for, O! this everlasting burning - burning! It is particularly severe about my head, throat and lower neck.

I fear you will begin to think that I have no fortitude; but it is not so. Yet I was never so tired before; for there has been no "letting up" for a fortnight, so far as the bodily inflammation is concerned. I know you and the children desire to know just how I am getting along.

I have written to no one but yourself, since I came here; but I hope to be able to send a letter or two for Harry at New York before he sails on Saturday. He will carry with him all our tenderest sympathies and best wishes for his restoration to sound health. It will be very hard for him and Fanny to be separated, even though he may hope to reach home by December.

I greatly miss all the grandchildren, and must have them kissed for me by proxy. If dear, good Charlotte Coffin is with you, give her my benediction. A father's love to all the children. Kind remembrances to Ellen and Anna. Your loving W. L. G.